

Head

-Like the Headless Horseman.

-Yeah. I've gotten used to it. Even my wife has. But that first time in Home Depot...!

-I'd imagine. Anyway my notes say it was robotic surgery and the robot went haywire and lasered off your head. Here! I'll move the lamp and you can rest it on the endtable here.

-Thanks. We thank you and Eleanor thanks you.

-Is Eleanor your wife?

-She's Ruthie. Uh...historical allusion.

-No time for that. We're demanding five mil!

-I hate to be such a fussbudget.

-Fight! Don't be a typical shit-eating American! Who has ever had a better malpractice suit?

-Yeah, I'll be making history. Difficult for the shy. I always wanted to be left alone. But now more than ever.

-How do you sleep?

-Easy. I can put the head anywhere and detach the cables. Wireless.

-The doctors damn clever, but too late. We'll scald their financial ass first! I want photos of your head in various locations around the house.

-I can take them.

-Amazing!